

Of Apologies

by unsedated

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Of Apologies

Skyeward Smut Fest Week 2 Entry

Prompt: See attached photo at .com

Note: Once more, away from the comfort zone. A hint of angst, I guess, but loose ends don't always tie up as I want them to. Enjoy.

\* \* \*

><p>"<em>Grant Ward was initially a sleeper agent for Hydra, but he has voluntarily surrendered to our agency. He will be under strict surveillance for the next few months. He is stripped off of all privileges, and will be under the complete watch of a selected group of agents. He will not be left on his own devices any time during the course of his stay until the investigation has been completed and the verdict about his fate has been decided."<em>

\_Skye catches Grant's eyes from the center of the room, and it was the first time she looked away from him before walking away.\_

"Mr. Ward would like to see you."

"Tell him I'm in the middle of an international call."

Distantly, she can hear a familiar voice bargaining. Her secretary will definitely be frazzled, but Skye believes she can take on the man. "He is insisting on coming. He's threatening to barge into your office."

Hands slam the wooden table, a resounding bang echoing the room. "Tell him I do not wish to speak to him. If he insists, remember that my father is still the head of this agency, and I can have him thrown in a containment cell and sedated like some wild horse for Fitzsimmons to play with. And I won't be sorry," she seethes, her anger reverberating in every statement. The gulp of her secretary is almost inaudible.

"Yes, Ma'am." The secretary's voice is abrupt as her voice shakes before closing the line.

Skye, for all the peace-loving she advocates for, paints an intimidating image in her anger. She is at her wit's end from the meetings scheduled early in the morning, and Grant just has to add himself to her pile of problems. She has worked with the man from the moment she opened the door of their humble abode for him after her father invited him for dinner, but the length of time they've known each other will not compare to the way he can easily push her buttons. He has picked the wrong moment after she had to clean the mess created by one of her agents in Morocco, and that's just the beginning of it.

\_The slam of the wooden door had the sitting man looking up from his work. "Who the fuck gave you the permission to interfere with my interrogation?"\_

"\_As your senior officer, it is within my responsibility to oversee your session. Imagine my surprise when I saw you using " how shall I say this " unconventional methods to elicit information from a suspect."\_

"\_For the nth time, listen to this. Lincoln is not a suspect. He is a prospective agent. He has a good skill set, and his field experience is remarkable. Why should we dismiss him?"\_

\_The man threw the file he was holding on top of the pile on the adjacent table. "Because of how easily he could change his loyalties? Remember the classified file your mother showed us yesterday?"\_

"\_You're one to talk!" She scoffed, "He is brainwashed! He was conditioned by his captors! We have some of the best psychologists in the world who can work on him!"\_

"\_And you are absolutely sure that their methods are effective, eh? Then why can't they fix Fitz enough to have him return to field duty? What about the agents who remain traumatized in this line of work?"\_

"\_Now you're making this about you."\_

"\_Don't change the subject, Skye."\_

"\_I am, Grant. Stop pitying yourself for being unable to sleep at night because you are too guilty to reveal your dirty little secret that it paralyzed you when you saw me almost violated physically. You didn't kill them. I did. You just stood there!"\_

\_He choked on the words he was about to say. Skye realized her mistake after a moment, eyes widening in horror. She didn't expect

the words to pour out freely after three weeks of not speaking to Grant.\_

Skye leans back to the couch on her office, wrapping the duvet closer to her body. She hasn't returned to her apartment or her parents' house for days, opting to stay at the office with the familiar shelves and pinging of computers for alerts on on-going missions. She keeps the blinds parted, so she can view the stars at night and the sun in the morning amidst the metropolitan skyline. Bags of tea and sachets of coffee remain present in her mini-kitchen, all thanks to her secretary. She must definitely give her a day-off one of these days for putting up with her.

"\_Trust me when I say that I could be in deep sleep, but I'll come running to you when you're in trouble."\_

"\_That's the cheesiest thing you've said to me in the entirety of our friendship."\_

"\_Well it's true, and you know it."\_

"\_I'm not complaining for having a knight-in-shining armor, but I'm no damsel."\_

\_Rough fingertips brushed her temple, pushing her hair away from her eyes. "You never were."\_

It isn't that Skye blames Grant. Skye never blames anyone for her misfortunes during missions. When she's on the field, she carries her badge with honor and fought to the death. Her mother has trained her to be vicious and intimidating. Her father has taught her to think well before moving. Grant is her equal. She is her partner. She can risk her life anytime and expect him to be by her side in a flash. He was always there.

He almost came a bit too late three weeks ago, and it scared her.

Quiet knocks bring Skye back from her reverie. She beckons the person to come in, certain of whom the newcomer is.

"I brought some take-out," Jemma lifts the bags to Skye's view.

She bites her lip, and motions Jemma to sit by her side.

"Everyone was talking about what happened," Jemma starts, taking her sandwich from the bag of food.

"He threw a fit, didn't he?"

"He almost punched Mac, and that's saying something."

"He is an idiot if he thinks Mac will let him get away with that."

"Mac understands the matters of the heart. Better him than Fitz." Jemma reaches for Skye's own comfort food and passes it to her. "It'll be easier to think with a full stomach."

Skye nibbles on her own bread, her eyes unseeingly staring

outside.

"I heard you used the horse sedating threat on him. I've actually formulated something strong enough to keep even larger mammals sedated. Just give me your signal and I'll test it on him anytime."

Skye laughs weakly on Jemma's attempt to comfort. "It wasn't actually his fault."

Jemma places her sandwich down, her hand reaching for Skye's knee. "You do have the tendency to blame him when the dust finally settled."

"Ward is an easy target. He just lets me throw shit at him and get away with it. He didn't have to."

"That's his way of redeeming himself for being misguided, especially to you."

Skye tugs the pendant on her neck, burning like the guilt she attempts to swallow. She removes the chain from its resting place. "I wonder sometimes if I've really forgiven him but betraying us years ago, but then I'll look at him and just know."

"Just know what?"

"That he's always loved me enough to come back."

Hesitant steps mutedly trudge on the carpeted floor of the dimly-lit hallway. Skye was a frequent officer to this section of the office, but lately her presence has been missed. She quietly opens the door at the end, careful to make a sound.

Skye settles the food she brought on the empty coffee table, ignoring the questioning glance Grant was sending her from where he was standing. Preparing the table felt like a gruelling task with her grappling for words but she cannot prolong the moment any longer.

"Jemma brought a lot of food, and I feel generous."

"I haven't eaten yet."

"I know."

Skye faces Grant's direction, who resumes with his gazing outside. She takes sight of the tension in his shoulders, the stiffness of his straightened back, and the tightness of his grip in his hands. On any other day, she would have slid her hands to his and tell him about her day. Before, their friendship is as mundane as any other, eventually escalating to an unspoken agreement of spending dinners and vacations together. Theirs was a slow burn, something Jemma remarked long before Grant revealed his true loyalties.

Everything turned into ashes from the moment she looked away.

After the reveal, Grant was detained for six months. The other half of the year, he was allowed to be out of his cell, but was limited to roaming around the training grounds and the office. The next year,

they were supposed to become partners again after Grant passed his evaluation, but Skye refused. The year he was detained, she was instead given a team to train, and opted to stay with them.

"I've sent a request for Budapest next week." She starts, gauging his reaction.

"Good for you," Grant remarks nonchalantly.

"It's a two-man mission. I was hoping you're availableâ€"

"Don't ask me out of pity, Skye," Grant answers back venomously.

Skye hold herself back, bracing for worse. "I'm asking you because I trust you to have my back."

"Ask Lincoln, maybe he'll have you on your back."

Skye grits her teeth in frustration. Opting for frankness, she replies, "His body is not the body I want to feel against mine."

Grant's stance shifts. He finally faces her, a stony expression in his face. She is reminded of the Grant she first met, the one with rougher edges. "You don't get to say that, Skye."

She lifts her chin, taking a step towards his direction. "I'll say what I want to say, Grant. I don't care what you think of it."

"You don't know what you're talking about," he shakes his head.

Skye takes another step. "I do. You are just not paying attention."

Grant reaches his hand toward her cheek, his lips melting to a sad smile. "I've paid too much attention trying to figure you out."

"And you still are unsuccessful," she replies, a bit of cheek back on her voice.

Grant shrugs, his finger still brushing her face. Her eyes flutter upon contact, and she easily pictures the sadness in Grant's face dissipating bit by bit. "If you must know, I've made leaps and bounds."

"Good for you," Skye chuckles, but sobers quickly. "I'm sorry," she whispers, meeting his eyes. "I was inconsiderate and hurt. I didn't mean to push you away."

"We both have our faults. You are the best thing I have in my life, and I never wanted to hurt you," he presses her forehead against hers, a lone tear from his eyes touching her cheek.

"I know. I know," she snakes her hand to his nape, bringing his trembling lips to hers.

Skye kisses him with the fervor she held back in the years she's known of this beautiful, misguided, broken man in front of her. She clutches his tie, taking in his faults and misdeeds. Her grip

tightens like the hold he had on her heart from the moment she first saved his life. A long time ago, her mother warned her to never get entangled with the life her family has lived. She told her to escape early on, to live with her art, tour the world, and embrace the magic of it all.

Too bad Skye has an affinity for the darkness.

Grant lifts her smaller frame after a moment, her action finally sinking in. She hooks her bare leg on his torso, giving him access to her neck. Skye rakes her manicured fingers on the scalp of his charcoal hair, pulling as he suckles on her bare skin. She moans as he tastes every inch he can reach, hesitation and enthusiasm mingling with every move.

He swipes his hand across his table, the last pages of the report he previously abandoned beginning its slow fall to the floor. Gently, he lays her down, hands expertly unzipping her skirt. If it were any other moment, Skye would have nagged him for learning to undress a woman, but the last of her cares has been swept to the back of her mind as Grant's mouth found her nipple. He pays attention to the left first as his fingers tinker the right. Skye bites her lip to control her gasps, but they still come. Grant hears her and chuckles.

"Don't stop." Skye smashes her mouth on his frustratingly.

Grant pushes her back, her skirt spilling like water against the backdrop of Grant's work table. Bare legs exposed, Skye can sense Grant staring at the tip of the incision that extended from the middle of her abdomen. He leans in and gently kisses the uneven scar, a remembrance of the fight they almost lost. She can feel him shaking again, and comforts him with a pat on the cheek. He takes her palm and showers it with kisses before clenching the waistband of her underwear, fingers dancing up her thighs. Skye almost sits up when she felt his teeth replace his finger pads against her skin.

Grant watching her from the arch of her womanhood excites her.

"Take it," she commands.

Grant hoists her legs to his shoulders, his strong hands bracing her thighs. His first lick elicits a guttural moan from Skye, as well as the second and third. She remembers the moment Grant first ate his favourite dessert with her "lava cake, of all things" and can easily imagine his glee. His nose grazes her inner thigh, and she shudders.

"Stop playing with the food, Ward," Skye grits her teeth. She can feel him smirking proudly.

"Shut up, Skye. I'm rewarding you. I see you opening the cake a while ago."

"And what of me, chopped liver?"

The glint in Grant's eyes return, and Skye sees the damn good partner he is reveal himself. "You are the main course."

His tongue massages her lips, and her walls contract. He lets two of his fingers in to the entrance, cautious on first flick before

deciding not to hold back.

Skye finishes after minutes, and she cannot get mad at seeing a proud Grant cleaning her up.

Gracefully, she slips her lingerie and dress on. Grant takes over, fixing her dress in no time. Upon evaluating his work, he drops a quick kiss to her slightly parted lips.

"Let's talk while having dinner."

End  
file.